

HAIR TIE//LEND AN EAR//NARDWUAR//MILES AND MILES//CLUB ALEX

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As we slip into an era of heightened uncertainties, we fall victim to the need to renegotiate the boundaries of what is real, and what is not. Overtime, this has developed into what we know as the HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

The first step to reifying what constitutes the ins and outs of humanity is what we've began to do here—conversation. A reminder of the power of the written word and the strength of human conjunction is what I leave you here today in my last moments as Editor-in-Chief of this magazine. If you're stuck, or feel like you can't do life anymore, grab your best friend (or a trained professional), and talk about it. Oh, and read our feature. I promise it's good.

FEATURED CONTRIBUTERS

LAURA FERRE SANJUÁN

Laura Ferre Sanjuán (Class of 2018) is a contributor, as well as a senior exchange student from Valencia, Spain, studying English Literature and Applied Linguistics. She can be found having eternal conversations with friends at the entrance of Art Library, rushing to class in the mornings and enjoying a good book in the grass every time it is sunny. She loves art museums, good coffee, veggie pizza, listening to classic rock music and walking through the streets and avenues of Manhattan.

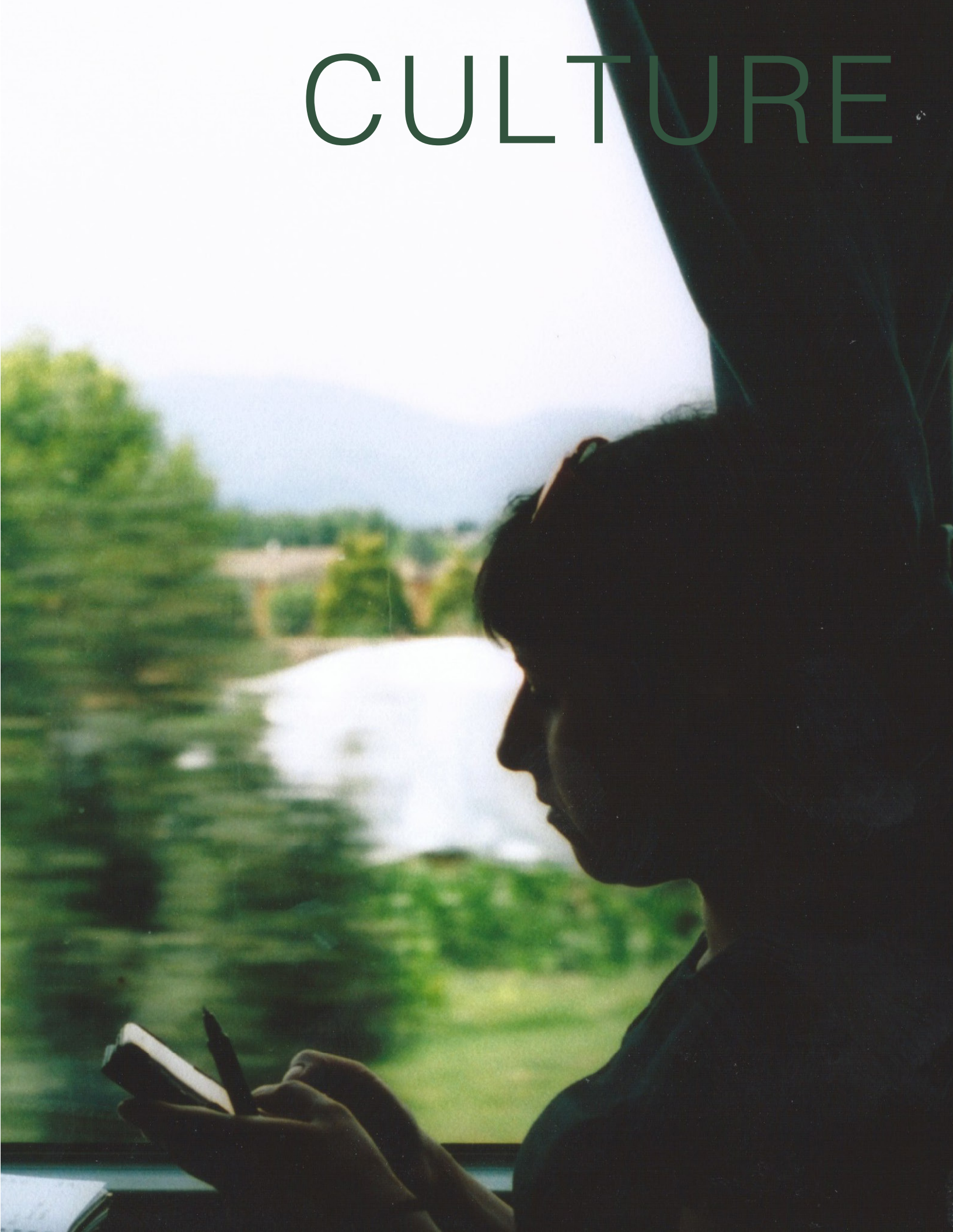
DIVYA PARIKH

Divya Parikh embraces her love for pineapple pizza despite wide criticism. She is a freshman in the Rutgers Honors College pursuing a double major in Computer Science and Cognitive Science, and is a featured designer at the Rutgers Review. Frequently found buying overpriced and sugary coffee or binge watching bad Netflix romcoms, Divya is a lover of fluffy doggos, slime videos, and ramen. She hopes to make it through the year without slipping into bankruptcy due to online shopping.

IZILDA JORGE

Izilda Jorge (Class of 2021) is a contributor, majoring in Psychology and Philosophy, and minoring in English. She can be found listening to music, attending concerts, or admiring local galleries and museums. When she does not hang out with her dog (Bella, a sweet little Cairn terrier), she often paints portraits and bakes disastrous treats for her loved ones. Izilda can be spotted around campus with a cup of black coffee and a book that she never quite gets around to finishing.

CULTURE



Hairspiration

//Cassandra Rosario

Hair has been in the center of societal discord and despair, but it has also been pivotal in movements of exultation and celebration. For centuries, societies and cultures alike have created and attempted to uphold specific expectations for one's hair. The styles have varied from kempt updos, short and sweet bobs, loose and flowing, and many more. As expectations continue to accumulate and penetrate the minds of generations alike, one thing has remained the same. Although there are many different types of people with varying textures of hair, each decade can clearly be defined by one certain style. Some allot time, money, and maximum effort into embodying these trends--others, however, stick to what they know and use it to their advantage.

While there is nothing wrong with being for or against natural hair, I feel specifically connected to my natural roots. Most days I keep my hair in its natural state -- kinks, curls and all. I have been truly happy with that, and I continue to be happy with it. However, I always felt some underlying pressure from my peers. Any time I would feel comfortable bringing out a straightener, my peers would treat me like a new attraction at the zoo.

While compliments can be nice, some of the feedback was rather disappointing. Commentary would range from backhanded compliments like, "your hair looks so much better this way" to "WOW! It's so different! Can I touch it?" Although this may have been a common mistake in elementary school, this would continue throughout high school. The heart of the matter lied in the lack of representation my generation saw as children.

Growing up, I always felt pressured into wearing my hair a certain way, or masking my unruly mane. It always seemed like it had to be one way or the other; it could never be anything in between.



There were those in the media advocating, or showing off hair just like mine, but it was never as overpowering as the ads and TV shows with straight haired girls at the forefront.

I could appreciate other types of hair. However, my problem was that my hair, as well as many others', was undervalued and misrepresented. I wanted a change, and I wanted to be able to see it.

Although representation is not quite where it should be, there has been progress. I love being able to turn on my TV or flip through a magazine and see people like Yara Shahidi, Solange Knowles, Lupita Nyong'o and many more who demonstrate and represent what I have felt all of my life. They are filling a void that has been missing in media. They are sending a message that natural hair is not only acceptable, it is normal. These women continue to call attention to mistreatment of the underrepresented. They prove that girls like us do not have to be the sidekick; we can be the stars of our own stories.



Millenials @themuseum

//Esra Abdulrahman

Whether it be nostalgia or favoritism for familiar standards, older generations often have a lot to say about that which is new and innovative. Contemporary art has been a field decried by traditional artists and the general public for its supposed simplicity and lack of application of conventional style from the onset. Similarly, older generations harp on millennials for their excessive use of technology and seeming inability to appreciate the world around them.

At first glance, one would concur with baby boomers and Generation X about the youth's inseparability from their phones. At museums, more time is spent taking selfies than observing the art. With the Google Arts and Culture app, people can find artworks that look like them without even having to visit a museum. This process of observing art seems so self-absorbed, as the common complaint goes.



Scrolling through my Instagram feed, I see my friends visiting the MoMA and the Met, taking selfies and sharing their favorite Picassos and Matises. They explore Yayoi Kusama's Infinity Mirror Rooms, wear Keith Haring t-shirts and pins, and enjoy Basquiat's political and primitive art. They put on makeup to look like Lichtenstein's pop art and use filters to mimic Warhol's screen prints. They rejoice with their favorite pieces of art and have easy access to the history with a quick Google search.

They curate their social media feeds not unlike museum curators and proliferate an interest in modern art, color theory and a number of other aspects that only specialists had access to many years ago. One may argue that this convenience debases the standards of observation and skill, but I firmly believe that it creates a new atmosphere that includes those who were never allowed to partake in the consumption of art before.

Even if the curation of the arts fall into the hands of the totally inexperienced and untrained, there is beauty in the spirit of amateurs. As Rodrigo from Mozart in the Jungle says, "Amateur. You say that as if it was a dirty word or something, but "amateur" comes from the Latin word "amare," which means love; love to do things for the love of it."

In the early 2010s, an upward surge in the sharing of art and a rekindling of interest in primitivism and postmodernism highlighted budding social awareness movements. Body positivity has been embraced in Henri Matisse's style as well as through the lens of Leonard Nimoy. Through modern art, we are able to see Barbara Kruger's influence on clothing brands like Supreme and Obey. Louis Vuitton collaborated with artist Jeff Koons to feature Da Vinci's art on its popular bags, and Gucci's creative director Alessandro Michele has regularly integrated art from many contemporary photographers and painters. Though their pieces are not easily accessible to all classes, their styles are often imitated and spread through the fashion world.

Whether the older generations recognize it or not, millennials are appreciating and spreading art at a larger scale than they have. Even if a selfie at the Cloisters seems vapid, the love of the art is not diminished.



“So, is he, like, your boyfriend now?”

I was asked this comical question during lunch at Henry’s, and it made me choke on my water. “Actually he isn’t, he’s just a friend I f**k.” It was the harsh reality—my answer—but the truth, nonetheless.

Overwhelmed with school work, stressed with meeting graduation requirements and trying to land the perfect internship, hooking up with a friend seems to be the only thing that keeps everything balanced.

This isn’t the first time I’ve tried something like this, and it won’t be the last. The whole “friends with benefits” situation, (emphasis on the benefits) works when two individuals have the same end goal or intentions.

There are just a few things to remember when trying to keep it strictly a friends with benefits fling.

1. Do not get emotionally involved or connected.
2. Keep it on the low, low. No one likes a messy situation.
3. Don’t pillow talk after having fun in bed.
4. Catch feelings easily? Stay clear of FWB.
5. Is this friend your best friend? Don’t even dare trying it.
6. Set clear, transparent guidelines to this fling. That way, both candidates know the rules, and there is a mutual understanding.
7. And most importantly, HAVE FUN!

So, then, what are the benefits?

1. Sex whenever
2. No commitment
3. You can openly experiment in bed



Do not be afraid to let your inner freak fly and enjoy the sex. FWB offers unlimited sex with one person and allows you to try new things in the bedroom while being safe and wrapping it up.

Now, let’s be aware of not only the benefits of sex with a friend, but the repercussions, as well. If one end of the stick is suppressing their feelings in order to satisfy the other, friends with benefits is not working to your benefit. It could even end your friendship.

Both parties must be knowledgeable of how the other feels and, most importantly, each other’s end goal. If sex and a good time is their desire, then congratulations—friends with benefits is the best solution for the two of you.

The media displays FWB as a casual thing everyone can do, but this is nowhere close to the truth. If you are the type to associate sex with emotion, walk away, love—this ain’t what you want.

Don’t intentionally give yourself false hope that the other person will change their decision and miraculously ask you to be their significant other, because there is a slim to zero chance of this occurring.

College is the time for new experiences, so jump into the lake and swim. Meet new people, learn more about yourself, but most importantly, learn from the social lessons of college. Understand that not every relationship, or situationship, is the one for you, and if a friends with benefits fling has worked for you, congratulations! You are truly impressive.



OVERSHARING AND FINSTAS

Social Media’s New Achilles’ Heel

The “beer pong incident” happened during my junior year in high school. Some of my classmates decided to post a photo on Snapchat setting up a game of beer pong with the cups arranged to look like the Star of David and a swastika. Somehow, they didn’t expect that one of their liberal peers would take a screenshot, leaping at the chance to call out a group of guys who were douchebags to begin with. They also didn’t expect, albeit most of the student body didn’t, that a blog post on Facebook, exposing the photo to the entire school, could lead to national headlines coupling the academically acclaimed “Princeton High School” with the phrase “Nazis versus Jews.”

The news coverage drove the school into a so-called “civil war.” Some students condemned the insensitivity of the game. Others attacked the blogger for posting an unedited photo, claiming ulterior motives and deeming her responsible for destroying the reputation of our school. But, despite differing opinions of who was really at fault, there was one shared sentiment about the original photo: how stupid do you have to be to put something like that online?

Probably because they didn’t assume anyone would care enough to share it.

While most people are no Harley Barber, the freshman from the University of Alabama who was expelled after posting several videos on her finsta repeating the n-word, there are plenty of kids who post about their one-night stands on similar Instagram accounts, expecting their followers not to

leak their juicy anecdotes or controversial content. The appeal of posts such as these is their ability to get immediate responses on the creator’s hilarious adventures, party outfits, or vents about the people they dislike. These are profiles that people can be “real” on with double-digit followers, expecting no one to tattle about their mistakes or talk about their last hookup. But how can people resist gossip straight from the horse’s mouth?

I suppose I sound like a middle-aged woman criticizing those pesky teens for being on social media all the time while posting five statuses a day on Facebook, but I think I’m either scared to end up like those boys from high school or those girls whose finstas were “snaked.” It is frightening to see people you know exposing some deep hatred they actually have for one of their friends, and to post anything even slightly controversial is nothing short of risk. Stuff doesn’t always stay quiet online, unless it’s incredibly unexceptional, and it’s quicker to spread than a lot of people think. So, before posting a raunchy selfie to Snapchat, or a story about getting drunk and ending up in the emergency room on your finsta, consider the possibility that a private post could become just as public if enough people are interested. Screenshots do exist, after all.

// Izilda Amber

People often claim that mental illness is a defining factor in van Gogh's work, an unfortunate assumption of many who are diagnosed. They start associating the person with the illness, often using it as a scapegoat for 'deviant' thoughts and behaviors. The majority settles on the consensus that van Gogh's talent must stem from his mental illness. Many misconceptions form as a result of this thinking, and few are corrected in a public format since systemic and cultural stigma toward mental illness bar it from scholastic curriculum.

The phenomena of romanticization has gripped van Gogh's legacy and his artwork. Through the idealization and trivialization of the complexities of van Gogh, the unhealthy lifestyles of the artist have been revered, citing that suffering unlocks the "beauty" of art. This inspires statements like "his torture fuels the passion of his landscapes" or "if people medicated, we wouldn't have pieces like *Starry Night*."

Yes, van Gogh did suffer in his personal life, and yes, his perceptions changed as a result of these sufferings. As such, these influences most definitely are reflected in his artwork. However, his art is not "great" because he suffered; it is great because it transcended common standards of his time and inspired new thought and technique.

Contrary to the art world's belief, seeking treatment often helps the individual. During van Gogh's voluntary time at Saint Paul's asylum, he created his most prominent works — Among them is the *Starry Night*. One should argue that if van Gogh sought treatment sooner, he would have made more masterpieces. Therefore the romantic ideal that only

through tragedy can an artist find creativity is, to be quite frank, bullshit. Not only are such mentalities inaccurate, but they are equally damaging and detrimental to the artist.

When van Gogh laid on his bed suffering from a gunshot wound, holding his brother's hand and exchanging some commonly quoted last words, he did not do so to be memorialized as the modern standard of the artist. As he wrote in a letter to his brother, "This sadness will last forever." He did not intend for his struggles to be idolized. As much as van Gogh accepted the harsh realities of his mental illness, he was an advocate for treatment and self-care, two topics that the vast majority of art communities often undermines or sweeps beneath the rug.

While the public has expectations of what a true artist should be, they are by no means reflections of what you, the artist, need to be. Art is an invaluable tool that gives the artist a voice, allowing them to articulate whatever passion burns within them. Art is intimate, it is vulnerable, above all, it is complex. You, the creator, are allowed to be ambiguous. An artist's only obligations are to themselves, to be in constant flux, and not only progress through the movements of their art but also the subtly shifting nuances of the individual.

"Love many things, for therein lies the true strength, and whosoever loves much performs much, and can accomplish much, and what is done in love is done well."

- Vincent van Gogh, 1853-1890.

5 FEMALE ARTISTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

Have you ever gone to a museum, and after casually strolling around, asked yourself, “where are all the women artists?”

The issue isn’t that there is a lack of creative women, it’s that there is no one to push the importance in remembering female artists — and in light of this injustice, I’ve compiled a list of a few of the many female artists that helped shape the history of art and deserve to be remembered.

1 ALMA THOMAS 1891-1978

Alma Thomas was born in Georgia, but moved to Washington D.C. in 1907 to pursue a degree from Howard University. Unlike most artists, Alma didn’t develop her own mature and unique style until after she retired from teaching middle school art, at age 68. Her style mostly focused on creating vibrant abstractions of scenes inspired by nature. Alma Thomas was also the first only African-American woman to receive a solo exhibition at the Whitney Museum, and has exhibited three of her paintings in the White House. She is a role model to not only women but to both aspiring older, and Black artists.



2 GUERRILLA GIRLS 1985 - PRESENT

The Guerilla Girls are a group of masked vigilantes that promote gender and racial equality. They use pseudonyms as a means of remembering past female artists. Their art is comprised of thought provoking posters that the group distributes all over cities to attract the public’s attention. The first posters appeared in lower Manhattan in 1985. They call themselves the “conscience of the art world,” and deem it their responsibility to protect oppressed populations against discrimination.



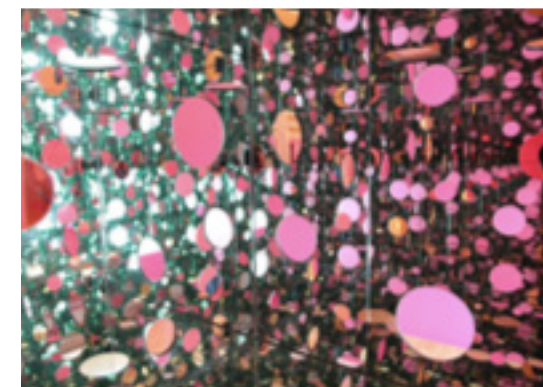
3 ROSALBA CARRIERA 1675 - 1757

Rosalba Carriera is one of the most successful women painters in Europe. She was a Rococo style artist from Venice who made it big in Paris. She is most known for having introduced a new pastel technique that marked the 18th century. During an incredibly problematic time of monarchically-enforced quotas on female artists, her extraordinary talent made her the fifth woman accepted into the Royal Academy of Art. She became well renowned for her masterful portraits of celebrities, noblemen, dukes and counts, one of which was of the future King, Louis XV.



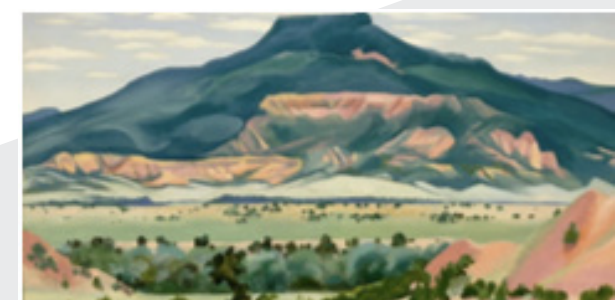
4 YAYOI KUSAMA 1929 - PRESENT

Yayoi Kusama is an artist whose skill set ranges from painting, to sculpting, to printmaking and everything in between, being regarded as avant garde and provocative. Her career took off in 1957, when she moved to New York City from Japan. Her style, which consists of dots, loops, and mirrors, creates the illusion of infinity. She is the artist behind the well-known “Infinity Mirrors” exhibit, but her art transcends museums and can be seen on clothing, such as the 2012 Louis Vuitton ready-to-wear collection.



5 GEORGIA O'KEEFFE 1887 - 1986

Georgia O’Keeffe studied at the Art Institute of Chicago and the Art League in New York. She was never too pleased with the structured, academic approach to art. After studying the revolutionary ideas of Arthur Wesley Dow, who’s teaching heavily influenced her, in 1915 she started creating what was the first form of modern abstract art. In 1929, she traveled out to New Mexico which ultimately catalyzed her new series of simplified, refined, renderings of the American landscape.



Zahra Bukhari

Artist Spotlight by Erin Keane



Erin: What is the MFA club?

Zahra: So it stands for Muslim Feminists for the Arts and essentially the mission statement is to give Islamic feminism a platform on campus. I think especially with the rise of the feminist movements, we felt that it was important as Muslims [to have] a shared perspective. It was born from the idea that Muslim women, especially within the mainstream media, have been reduced to a singular image and therefore given a set of characteristics and stereotypes. So we wanted to break that and we wanted to express that feminism really has a plurality within unity.

Erin: What kind of work do you guys produce? Is there an overall theme each artist touches on or does each artist make work influenced by her own perspective?

Zahra: We function as a collective, so we want to make sure that every individual artist has an opportunity to be able to express their own styles and their own techniques. We don't necessarily have artists that are all formally trained — it's people who aren't in art programs that can express themselves best through art.

Zahra cont: We don't necessarily focus on doing collective pieces, but we do create spaces for our pieces to shine. For example, when we did our exhibition last semester, which was called Hello my name is, we wanted to create an exhibition space where everyone could create work within their own style, but then it could also function within the underlying theme of identity.

Erin: How does your work personally relate to being a Muslim feminist?

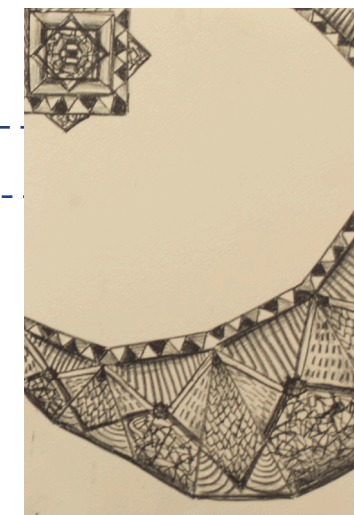
Zahra: So that's something that I've been grappling with for some time and I was often asked why I create work that's political all the time. But really the personal is political and I don't really have a choice — my identity as a Muslim woman has been politicized no matter what, [and no matter] what I make it's going to be seen as political artwork because I'm making it through my own perspective. Personally I really like the idea of patterns and repetition and that is derived from traditional songs geometric designs — that kind of art is infinite and reflective of the fact that everything is sort of connected and is derived from one point. And so I like to take that old traditional type of work and translate that into more contemporary age.

Erin: And so the other girls that participated are women that participated in your exhibition in the fall — what kind of mediums do they work in? How do the other artists use their work to confront the political nature that has been forced on Muslim women's identity?



Zahra: I think the interesting thing about the fact that we all identify as Muslim women is that we still come from very different backgrounds. I was born here and my dad is Pakistani but my mom is half Indian half English. Sarah and Usra were born in Egypt and have very strong ties to their Muslim identity, and that is very much embedded in the Egyptian identity. So their work is informed by that experience. But I think we are all under the same impression that our work is politicized. But again we as Muslim women have different perspectives to offer within this singular identity, and so what they do in their work takes very stereotypical and charged imagery from either Muslim culture or Egyptian Muslim culture and use it to kind of flip the perspective and flip the narrative to make a point that this imagery isn't just the only imagery that that should be used to refer to our culture and to refer to our identities.

Erin: In terms of your work what kind of themes do you touch on and what kind of themes do you hope your audience will pick up from the images that you print and you create.



Zahra: The themes that I've been touching specifically on are on the East and West and how the West signifies home and the East signifies being an other. This idea of your identity being the other was derived from when I was a kid — I was always aware of the fact that it had these multiple identities [which] seemed to be at odds. I was a Muslim living in America. I was English white, and I was brown. And these dichotomies essentially were given stereotypes that were at opposite ends. So when we say east and west we're not necessarily talking about geographical locations, we're talking about lifestyles and cultures that have nothing to do with each other, and perpetuating those stereotypes is essentially incorrect. I think when you present that idea to a Muslim American it creates almost like an identity crisis, like do I belong here in America? Why am I not an American? Why am I Muslim American? Why do work to be identified as something different than just being American? And so I think that I like to touch on that idea and these ideas of how Oriental imagery and Oriental paintings have been prevalent throughout society and how they have really sexualized the image of a Muslim woman and how that is translated into the contemporary age — where we're seeing that in the mainstream media the image of the Muslim woman just being thrown around and decontextualized, her image being inappropriately used. And I think that that in essence is harmful for both sides. If you're looking at east and west, I like my work to kind of bridge that gap. I think sometimes I feel like I can offer a perspective from both angles. It's about how there's really more interconnected rather than just seeing these two polar dichotomies.

RUTGERS ESPORTS

Joe Michalitsianos

If you were to skim through NJ.com on any given day, what Rutgers sports would you expect to read about? The football team will surely be covered. The basketball team may be reported on, and you may find a solid write-up of which recruits have committed to Rutgers.



In 2016, Rutgers esports was formally recognized by the college, and thus they started organizing events for players—both competitive and casual. In the fall semester, they hold casual Fall Friendlies and a competitive event called Fireside Open. The Spring Social and The Scarlet Classic are held in the spring.

What you will not read about is the fastest growing and most ambitious competitive community at Rutgers University:

Rutgers esports.

For the uninitiated, esports [electronic sports] refers to competitive video gaming. The community has exploded in recent years, with competitions around the world attracting thousands of attendees, and millions of online viewers. The games that are used in competition vary. Some, like the incredibly popular StarCraft, are strategy intensive games that require the player to think about the game in the same way a chess player might. Others, such as the first person shooter Overwatch require the player to have quick reactions and perfect hand-eye coordination if they want to succeed.

Rutgers esports was founded in 2014 as a way to congregate the many video game clubs at Rutgers. They are the umbrella organization to a collection of smaller groups, each dedicated to their own specific game or genre. They meet at the SERC building each Friday at 8pm.

In the words of Jacob Moffat, President of Rutgers esports, “When the members of Rutgers video game clubs saw how these other schools were organizing their students and competing, we thought ‘Why can’t we do that?’

The level of success Rutgers esports has had is anything but casual. Moffat says that the organization has won over \$50,000 dollars across a variety of games in national competitions. This includes a win at the TESPA tournament in spring 2016, an organization that considers itself “the leader in college esports.”

Aside from the tournaments and the prizes that accompany them, Rutgers esports has been a successful outlet for many students hoping to hone skills outside of the virtual world. John Macone, a recent graduate of Rutgers University and former member of Rutgers esports, spoke about the organization:

“Being involved with the gaming community reinforced and helped me establish what I really want to do in life, and how to best utilize my communications degree, acting as a PR agent and a potential competitor.”

Rutgers esports is still in its infancy, but that hasn’t stopped them from representing the community in a big way. Considering recent successes, one can only assume that they are on their way to becoming a heavyweight in the collegiate esports world. The organization has the ambition and drive to see our school recognized as one of the best.

HUMAN EXPERIENCE

FINDING CREATIVITY

with Yudai Kanayama

//Aika Kimura

What I think is most interesting about human beings is their ability for creative expression. Most of the moments I think “wow, I’m really grateful to be alive” occur when I meet inspiring creative people or things. One of the most recent of these moments materialized I when found the exhibition of Amish-made crafts presented by Yudai Kanayama.

Yudai Kanayama, who curated the exhibition, is the owner of Japanese restaurant IZAKAYA in the East Village, New York. He opened the restaurant three years ago. It became popular in the area by word of mouth, and The New York Times recommended it in “The Top 10 Places to Eat Well and Cheaply in 2015.”

He first met Amish crafters two years ago at another exhibition of local handicrafts held in Williamsburg. After that, he visited Amish village in Lancaster to get to know their crafts more, and started planning the exhibition.

“Each of their products has powerful meaning and that enough is convincing for me. Their simple way of living makes so much sense. I believe that’s how life should be,” Kanayama said.

When I touched their leather bags, they took my breath away. They were so smooth and shiny. Kanayama told me, “The more often you use them, they increase their shine.”



Photo: Delfina Picchio

“Amish people don’t go to see a doctor. When they are sick, they go to a tea shop.” He showed me how tea could even cure the flu. In our Western consumption-based society, we keep buying new things regardless of whether we truly need them or not.

“Their life is creative in a way,” said Kanayama. “They produce high quality products not to sell, but to live. At the same time, they have a really good sense to produce sophisticated products.”

He decided to hold the exhibition to introduce their crafts to the fashion industry. “My purpose is not to set a trend, I just wanted to introduce an alternative perspective. Because once these things became a fad, it would destroy Amish pace of producing, spontaneity and the quality of products, so I want to sell them for only people who can sympathize with Amish spirits.”

What Kanayama is doing is not something just anyone can do. I’m sure Kanayama himself is a creative person.

“To get inspiration, I often walk around the city with no purpose. I think that is also part of my job. And then there is always something interesting,” he

elaborated. “I’m always looking for the source of inspiration rather than artworks themselves.”

“The tip to unlock your creativity is travel. I often travel around upstate where I graduated from. I know an amazing craftsman who makes furniture. For me, rather than trendy Manhattan, these are places where you can meet creative works you never imagine.”

What I saw at his exhibition of Amish-made crafts were exactly those things I never imagine. He told me originality is always the truest value, and life itself is creativity.

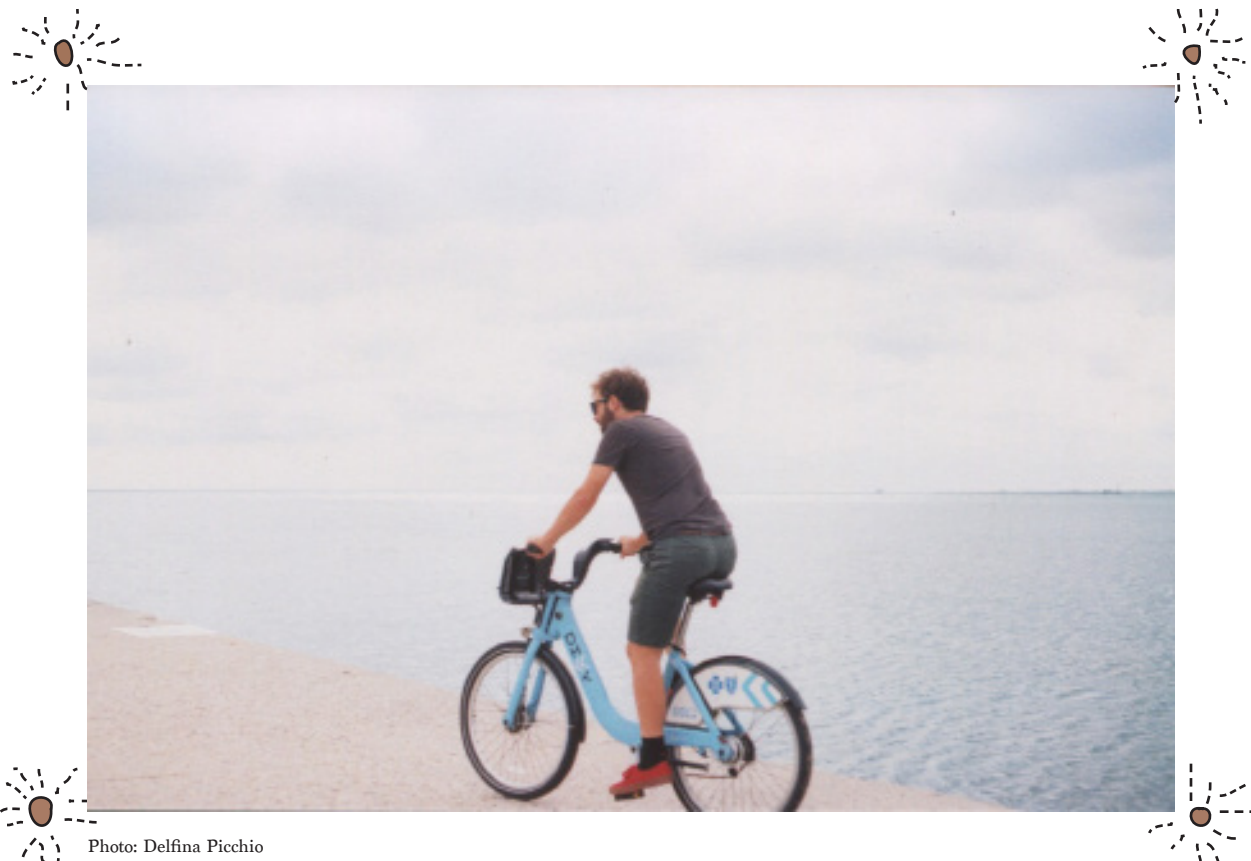


Photo: Delfina Picchio

Thoughts on Love & Existence

//Frankie Peake

Existing is awful, and being a human sucks. Truth is, we are flawed by design. We are too smart for our own good, but are also too stupid at the same time. We float somewhere in the middle of being a single-celled organism and a god, unable to truly define our place in the world.

Being stuck in this limbo of mortality has left everyone with a desire to feel special. Everyone believes that there is something about them that is irreplicable— something they can do better than anybody else. It sounds narcissistic, and it is, but it's much less depressing than believing that you're just one drop, indistinguishable from the 7.5 billion others that make up this world's ever-sloshing ocean of mediocrity.

Oh, and by the way, emotions are a neurochemical con job. Your brain gets you hooked on neurotransmitters, and then decides when, where and why you get them. Everything we do, we do in hopes of it being a catalyst for some chemical reaction that will release our next fix of serotonin, or dopamine. And often, when when you need it the most, your brain (just like any good drug dealer) leaves you on read.

How about that for a problematic power structure?

As far as emotions go, love is the worst of them all. Just like happiness, love is an addiction. And one that is much harder to satisfy. You get to know a person, and you begin to feel comfortable around them.

You start to obsess over the little things that make them supposedly unique: their mannerisms, their voice, the way they always push their chair in before leaving the room. And, when they're gone, it's soul crushing. What once was a flowing river of serotonin runs dry, and loneliness enters stage left.

The worst part is that it's all fake—it's nothing personal, right?—just chemical. If we spend our lives looking for fulfillment in just one person, we're fucked. There is no permanence in anything or anyone, which is why monogamy is overrated and marriage is canceled. You need to get addicted to the love you have for yourself, because that's that only thing you can truly count on.

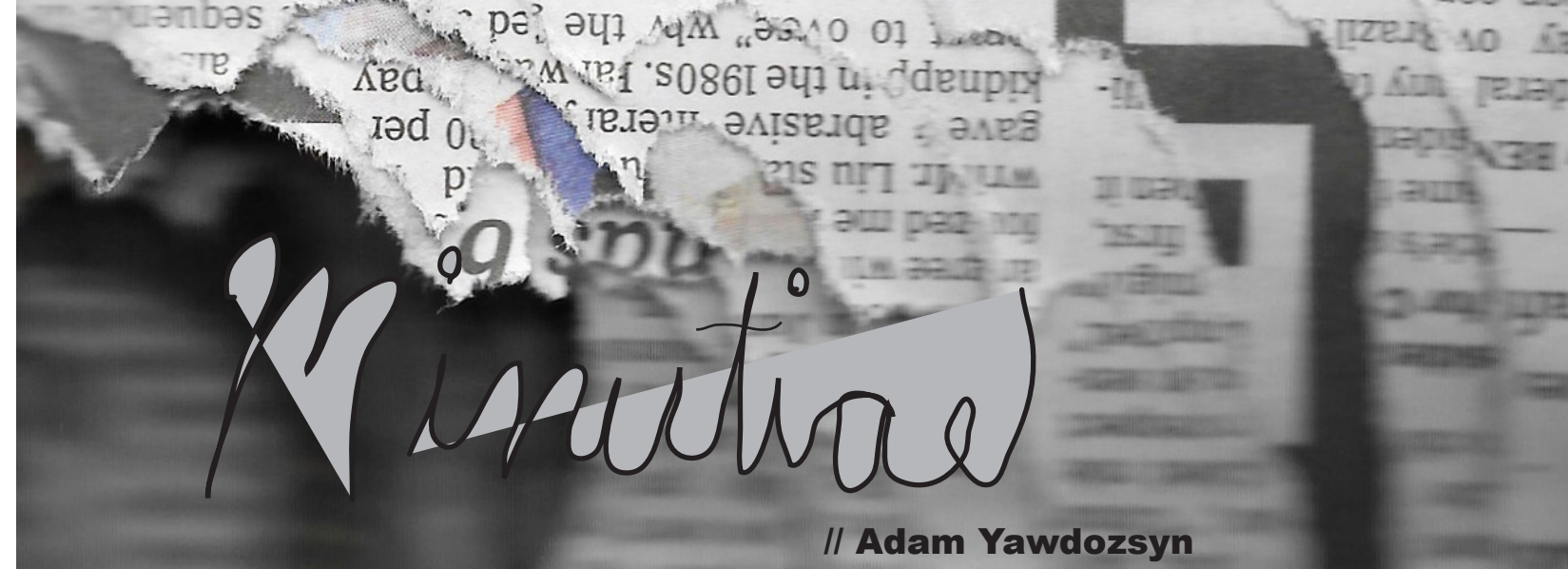
Humans are selfish assholes, myself included. Sometimes I do really terrible things, and sometimes I'm a dickbag. But, that's okay. I think, like all things, it's healthy in moderation. I believe everybody deserves to be an asshole sometimes. Otherwise, who is going to be the asshole that humbles the other assholes?

What is important, however, is to be honest with yourself. If you notice you're doing something shitty, hold yourself accountable. If someone else calls you out, it's natural to get defensive, but swallow your fucking pride and challenge yourself to find truth in their critique. Then, apply that to your own life.

And, with fear of sounding too much like a self-help book—we are all a work in progress, and the worst thing you can do is stop growing. The belief that you are ever done observing, learning and applying information to your daily life is that of a true narcissist.



Photo: Delfina Picchio



// Adam Yawdozsyn

In my spare time, I used to ponder impossibilities. Cascades of metaphysical what-ifs and how-about-fabricated imaginations where I lost myself in the magnitude of the constraints of my own existence. I will never listen to all the music, see all the places, learn all the knowledge or meet all the people. I won't even come close.

The grandiosity of my fantasy left me with less than I desired. My visions were faulty and unnecessary; ambitions tied to an eternity I did not want to inhabit. There was no value in the pictures I painted in my psyche. The rose-colored artwork of my living potential was left unfinished in my mind.

My change of perspective came, just as most things do, in the form of music.

First came Animal Collective, and then the rest: Oneohtrix Point Never, Brian Eno, Godspeed You! Black Emperor, The Gerogerigegege, Alvin Lucier. Each artist showed me new aspects of genres I'd previously written off as too esoteric or experimental. Ambient, drone and noise slowly shifted from off-putting descriptors to welcome ones.

The steady influx of new sounds opened my ears to shimmering masterpieces built out of seemingly nothing. Loops, echoes and distortions softly offered me the melodies I didn't know I had been longing for in my musical wanderings.

By the time I listened to Tim Hecker, I found his noisy drones to be unimaginably evocative. Hecker makes music for streetlights, his crumbling melodies calling to mind the often unnoticed intricacies of beautiful everyday items. As my

love for Hecker grew, so too did my love for the commonplace nocturnal items his music emulated.

Slowly I came to understand what was around me. I saw that every single thing was exactly what it was, and that I wanted no more from anything. Appreciating the detail in the world around me and loving each item for what it is has revealed to me new realms of experience that I never could have imagined before.

My reverence for streetlights is still unwavering. It grows every night when I turn out the lamp by the big window in my apartment and let the lights from the sidewalk below play in the shadows on the cold floor of my living room. I love the benevolent and unfaltering keepers of the night's lifeforce with all of my heart, but they are not all I adore.

Every tree lives, grows and even communicates with the other trees that surround it, as we are now beginning to understand. The grooves on a record, the sound of the wind, the smell of bed sheets and puddles all have irreplaceable value to be discovered. Some days I stand on chairs to get a closer look at the white paint that coats the ceiling. It is magnificent.

Everything is important. Even a period printed on shitty magazine paper is filled with incomprehensible beauty. All we need is here, we just have to look for it.

The Art of Procrastination

// *Kaye Rhoads*



6:20 p.m.

You unload your stuff out of your backpack onto the large, empty, black table. You just spent the past 20 minutes looking for a table, and it's a miracle you found one at all.

The murmur of student voices echoes against the high ceilings throughout the library. You're skeptical that you'll be able to get any work done with the noise level, but you just got here, so you vow to do your best to ignore it.

You turn your attention back to the materials you laid out on the table: two novels, one statistics textbook, a laptop, a pencil case, your bullet journal, the calculator you've been using since your freshman year of high school, and your \$4.50 matcha latte from the cute café on campus that's a little overpriced but whose products look oh-so-good on your Instagram story.

Time seems to blur as you work to arrange these materials like pieces of a puzzle you are trying to fit together, mixing and matching the placement of each one until you decide you're satisfied. You can't explain why the final arrangement is the one, but you know it is.

6:45 p.m.

You take out your iPhone 8+. You're excited to take a picture of the grid you've just arranged. When you bought your phone, Apple told you that you're simply getting the best in mobile photo quality:

A 12MP camera.
f/1.8 aperture.
Digital zoom up to 5x.
Portrait mode.
Portrait lighting.

You have no idea what any of that means, but it sure as hell leads to a bomb Insta feed.

The lighting in this part of the library is absolute shit, so you fill your camera roll with at least 50 pictures of your purposefully arranged, aesthetically pleasing study materials.

7:15 p.m.

The Insta game is no joke, so you have different apps to edit and curate your posts: UNUM, VSCO, Snapseed and Photoshop. You choose the best picture from your library photoshoot and upload it to VSCO.

Filter: Hb1.
Shadows Tint: +4.8.
Depth: X-Skew and Y-Skew.
Saturation: +1.9.

This is good enough, you guess. You put the picture on UNUM. It works with the rest of your feed, so you upload it to Instagram.

7:30 p.m.

It is Friday at 7:30pm—the perfect time for you to post and accumulate the most likes, dictated to you by UNUM.

You come up with a generic quote based on one of the books you're reading for class.

Tag a clever location.

Send it in.

7:40 p.m.

Feeling accomplished, you finally crack open your book. You're required to read 150 pages for tomorrow's class. You haven't started yet.

Your brain vaguely picks up on the words on the page, acknowledges that they're there, but their meaning is completely foreign. As you read, your eyes look through the book into the vast expanse of nothing behind it.

How can I incorporate avocados more into my diet? I should eat avocado toast for breakfast tomorrow. I'll go to HMART later and get groceries.

Why didn't Jimmy text me back? Did I say something wrong? Should I send him something? No, I shouldn't double text, that looks weak.

Maybe I should watch Goblin later...

8:00 p.m.

Out of the corner of your eye, you see the bright glare of your phone screen scream for your attention. You check the time. You've been reading for 20 minutes.

You check your Instagram notifications to see who has liked your photo. Your friends comment on how "aesthetic" your bullet journal is, and how you're always at the library studying. You half-smile at the fine work you've done, and reward yourself with a twenty minute social media break.

8:20 p.m.

Alexandra asks you to eat dinner with her. She offers to swipe you into the dining hall. You accept and leave the library.



The Brain Expanding Meme, at a Glance

//Esra Abdulrahman

As young people question their lives and purpose, and existential memes grow in popularity, it's hard to not to examine the world around us with bare bones questioning. It provides us with bizarre observations; e.g. "our belly buttons are our old mouths"; and reductive comedy that to some, are one in the same.

The abstract offers appeal as it takes a step away from the daunting realities of our lives and the structures that reinforce them, but to maneuver around the shifting landscape of this train of thinking, we should probably grasp the nuances of typical human perception—in other words, what do we think we know and see?

According to a number of prominent Western philosophers, nothing we know is real. The things that we see are either reflections of abstract higher forms of themselves, or poor replications rendered in our minds by our limited senses.

For example, according to Plato, we live in a "world of seeming," where nothing is an actual being. Confusing, right? Everything that surrounds us, walls, chairs, ground, people, and colors, are reproductions of Ultimate Ideal Forms that exist in a timeless, infinite, alternate dimension beyond the human grasp (or something like that).

In essence, there's this Ultimate Chair hovering in another astral plane that our measly earth chairs have nothing on. For every human concept we have, from Beauty to clocks to Justice to apples, there is a corresponding Form.

Immanuel Kant, the 18th century philosopher, similarly asserts that time and space are constructions, or intuitions, in our minds that help us navigate and make sense of the world around us.

We can only understand the world because we compartmentalize the events and objects we see with helpful little timestamps.

Essentially, everything in its pure form would be incomprehensible to the human mind without our intuitions, sensibility, and sense of causation. Beyond our understanding are "things-in-themselves," which is Kant lingo for Forms. We can barely perceive our world because how limited our senses truly are.

To this effect, a person can go around asserting, as many nihilistic and downtrodden people do, that nothing matters and nothing we know is real. According to Kant, we can't transcend our limited world view because of the restriction our senses place on our understanding. Or can we?

The well-known brain expanding meme pokes fun at maximizing the utility of items around us for their common uses. Taking the B from the ARC to the Livingston Student Center?—common, expected even.

But taking the LX from Scott Hall and riding all around Livingston

Campus, back to the College Avenue Student Center?—this is humor at its peak for its unique, literally out-of-the-box thinking. The modern meme employs our understanding of the world around us and twists it to something peculiar on the surface or makes uncanny connections.

Memes have become an art, drawing on Dadaist influences to make the most open-minded laugh at obscure references. But, more importantly, they turn a bleak world with one understood and widely held perception into one with a hundred meanings and even more memes.

In other words, a better place.



The Healing Power of Sound

//Faith Franzonia

Autonomous Sensory Meridian Response (ASMR) refers to the human experience of a relaxing tingling sensation from one's head, down their spine, and throughout their skin. ASMR can be triggered by the interaction of sounds and is often paired with visuals. This visual aspect is what has brought together a community on Youtube in the past ten years.

I've been watching ASMR videos since I was a freshman in high school, and personally do not experience ASMR. Nevertheless, it helps me wind down at the end of the day and is a way that several of my friends reduce their anxiety. Some of my favorite ASMRtists within the Youtube community include Gentlewhispering, ASMRtheChew and ASMRdarling.



Photo: Delfina Picchio

ASMR is not known to be experienced by all individuals, yet everyone experiences some degree of it. Think back to the time you may have felt mesmerised by a teacher tapping their nails on the desk, or the sound of a stranger on a bus lightly chewing on a piece of gum. Humans are continuously reacting to sound, whether consciously or unconsciously.

Sound, for those who are blessed with the ability to experience it, controls the way humans, and many animals, interact with the world. The tone of a parent's voice helps one discern whether they should speak with caution, or make a joke. The sound of nails on a chalkboard makes most individuals' skin crawl. Reaction to sound is personal, an ASMR "trigger" for one person could be absolutely horrid to another. These same preferences are shared with music or art but are most often ignored and left unexplored.

Exposure to the ASMR community has even made me more aware of the sounds I'm exposed to on a daily basis. Just as there are sounds that relax and comfort, I have become aware of the sounds that do the exact opposite. Sounds that are upsetting, frightening and uncomfortable are important to understand, as they comprise and dictate so much of the human experience.

If you are interested in seeing if you experience ASMR, or can benefit from the healing qualities of sound in general, I strongly encourage you to go onto Youtube (with an open mind) and binge watch.

Note: Popular sub-genres of ASMR are: whispering/voices, personal attention, tapping, eating sounds, hair brushing, soft singing, flipping through books and cooking.

FINDING COMFORT IN THE *UNCOMFORTABLE*

// Joe Michalitsianos

Recently, a housemate of mine asked me to go camping. I denied the request without even thinking about it.

Later on, in attempting to rationalize my hasty decision, a quote came to mind, once bellowed by the great Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius:

“So you were born to feel “nice”? Instead of doing things and experiencing them? Don’t you see the plants, the birds, the ants and spiders and bees going about their individual tasks, putting the world in order, as best they can? And you’re not willing to do your job as a human being? Why aren’t you running to do what your nature demands?”

Before I could think of a million reasons why I shouldn’t change my mind, I called my friend back: “I’m in. When do we leave?”

We arrived at our campsite in the Pine Barrens the next day. The weather was beautiful and we embarked on a three-hour-long hike into the woods. At nighttime we settled down by the campfire, drinking vodka and playing 20 questions.

“This isn’t so bad,” I thought, as sleep eventually washed over me.

I awoke to the pitter-patter of rain hitting the tent. Slowly, I rose and checked my phone. Dead. Wind ripped at the thin fabric. I closed my eyes—better to just sleep through this, I thought. I realized I couldn’t sleep because of the temperature of my sleeping bag. “Man,” I thought, “this feels really hot. Almost humid. Like, moist.”

Frantically, I reached for the door of the tent—wide open, and rain had been flying in for quite some time. The floor of the tent, directly underneath my sleeping bag, was soaked. I was lying in a puddle.

I had no way of even checking the time. What if I had only been asleep for a few hours? I thought. What if I had six or seven more hours of this? My ass is soaking wet, so I can’t lie down. Everyone else is fast asleep, and besides, what good would waking them up do?

And then it dawned on me. This is what Aurelius was urging us to feel: uncomfortable! Truly, undeniably uncomfortable. So, I decided to revel in it.

I grabbed my jacket and went outside. There was a light, stinging rain and a bright moon in the sky. It was strangely peaceful, even though I was becoming more soaked by the minute. But what else could I do? I decided to wander the forest, climb trees and chop wood until dawn.

In the distance my mind traveled over the course of the night, one question beckoned for my extended stay: if one only feels good emotions in life, would one have experienced all that life has to offer? I concluded that the emotions of discomfort, pain and sorrow are just as important to living a satisfying life as emotions like happiness, relief and tranquility.

It is still hard to reckon with this. I remember how I felt when my grandmother died, and I remember how I felt when I was accepted to college—how can these feelings be on equal ground?

I’m not sure I can answer that yet. The truth is that I am young, and I have far more life to live than I have already lived through. But Aurelius was on to something—when my nature calls, I will answer.



MUSIC

festival guide



//Ava Rooney

It was a sweltering hot morning in the middle of nowhere, Tennessee. I felt like I was being reborn again, but not in a good way. It felt literally drenched in sweat and covered in dirt from the days before. This is the short story of my experience camping out at Bonnaroo Music Festival, and later at Firefly Music Festival. I hope this will also serve as a guide for you throughout my story. Bonnaroo and Firefly both hold a special place in my heart. Each experience was positive and unique in its own way and completely worth the dirt on my clothes and the hole in my wallet. Bonnaroo is located southeast of Nashville in an enormous area dedicated to outdoor events called Great Stage Park. Firefly is based off a highway in Dover, Delaware; a short 2-hour drive from New Brunswick.

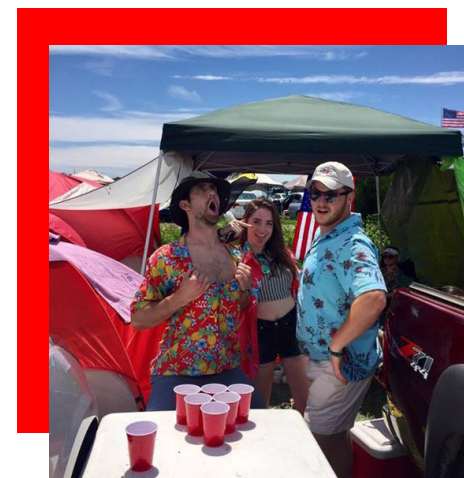
Even before arriving, I was already spending a lot more money than I thought I would. A 4-day music festival ticket generally runs between \$300-400, and that's just the entry fee. I also had to split a lot ticket between my friends and I, so we had a space to live. Food, supplies, gallons of water, and gas came out to be about \$400 more split between everyone. These type of music festivals are far from cheap, so if you're planning on going to one, make sure you save at least what your ticket cost is.

Upon entering each festival, my friends and I had to wait an extra 2-3 hours in traffic to get our lot number and car searched.

At Bonnaroo, our lot was a 10 minute walk to the festival grounds where the concerts, food, and shopping were located. Being close to the venues were great and terrible at the same time, a constant battle between proximity and noise. We never had to walk far for showers (which were \$20 each by the way) and charging stations, which was awesome. However, in the middle of the night on the third day, I vividly remember trying to fall asleep around 3AM, but having trouble due to an insane bass pulsing through my tent from the Bassnectar concert.

At Firefly, we were a 30 minute walk from the festival grounds. This definitely had its ups and downs. Whenever we decided to leave our campsite for a show, we had to pack up anything we might need for the rest of the day and plan to not come back until the last concert. On the plus side, there was a big public water spout around the corner from my lot I used everyday (for free!!). It changed my entire experience having the ability to shower with cold water in the sweltering heat.

Camping out at a music festival is an incredible experience and I recommend any concert lover to experience it at least once. If you're unfamiliar with camping, make sure to have at least a couple friends that know what they're doing (and who you can tolerate for 4 days). It's guaranteed to be a wild adventure that you will never forget it for the rest of your life.





Drake recently released “Scary Hours,” a title for two singles named God’s Plan and Diplomatic Immunity. After listening to both songs, one thing was evident: God’s Plan was going to be the next big thing. I knew it would be the song that gets played four or five times at every party. The song that everyone knows the lyrics to even if they despise Hip hop. However, as the catchy chorus stuck itself in my head, I couldn’t help but to think about Trippie Redd.

Rumors have arose that Trippie Redd and Drake are collaborating for a song on Drake’s next album, but as far as I’m concerned, Drake is already jacking Trippie’s style. You can hear it on God’s Plan. Although Drake maintains his classic flow, if you can even say that about him, the overall production and sound could be Trippie’s own. Drake took a Trippie beat, sped it up slightly, and turned it into a mainstream banger.

Unfortunately, this isn’t the first time we have seen this kind of thing from Drake. Drake has been dubbed a culture vulture in the past, and I would not be surprised if it’s a title that pops up again in the near future. Back in 2016, when Drake released the smash hit Hotline Bling, people were quick to compare it to Dram’s Cha Cha. The similarities are uncanny, and I highly suggest that you listen to them back to back if you haven’t already.

On DJ Khaled’s song To the Max ft. Drake, the beat is almost identical to that of a Jersey club beat. On Drake’s song KMT, not only did he jack the grime rap style (yes he did feature Giggs, a grime artist), but he also stole XXXTentacion’s flow. It was so noticeable that XXX himself actually called Drake out for it. Drake also gave no credit to Dance hall or Jamaican house music when he released songs like Blem and Madiba Riddim on his most recent album “More Life”.

The bottom line is that Drake himself isn’t very original. He takes other styles, adds a small twist, or sometimes no twist at all, and the result is the next big hit. Regardless, of whether or not he’s doing it on purpose, it’s evident enough that both his haters and his fans are noticing it.

But Drake will never get shut down. He may be a product of his environment, but he sounds so damn good on everything he puts out that we have started to take his success for granted. And as long as he continues to do that, nothing else matters.

THE REVIVAL OF 90’S R&B

// ERIN BYERS

What happened to the old, soothing, make love R&B music?

As a young girl, listening to R&B opened the door to my love for music. It showed me how to appreciate the soft, sensual healing of songs and how they can evoke multiple emotions in a person. From R&B, I learned a little something about love and just how complicated it is when loving the wrong one. Ultimately, the genre taught me how to pick up all the pieces after dropping my heart.

R&B has changed throughout the years, but the message remains the same. 2000’s R&B has been infused with soul, electronic and sometimes rap. Genres have become blended and blurred by various artist. Tory Lanez, The Weeknd and many more artists have challenged the definition of R&B. New emerging artists like Brent Faiyaz, SZA, Jorja Smith and Sonder are trying to bring R&B back to the 90’s vibe with the help of their slow jams, love songs and side chick anthems.

Tory Lanez’s music is generally a cross of rap and R&B with a fast tempo and hard rap lyrics, but on his mixtape “Chixtape 4,” he covers old R&B songs with his infused style.

Brent Faiyaz’s latest album, *Sonder Son* reminds the listener of the late 90’s & early 2000 vibes. His hit song “Talk to You”, a personal favorite, illustrates the art of smooth talking and trying to get with that special someone. His recent single, “Make Luv”, tells the story of a waiting game, mixed feelings and a lover who just wants to make love. Similar to Usher, Faiyaz flirts with the listener, reminding you that everyone goes through the same bullshit in the game of love.

For the females who need that extra hoe validation through music, SZA the Grammy nominated artist, the queen, voice and face for side chicks, offers solidarity. Her latest album *CTRL*, affirms being the side chick, discusses the imperfect balance of love and career and lets ladies know that it’s okay to accept the “weekend” position. With the line “you’re like 9-5, I’m the weekend,” SZA touches on the confusion every female goes through at least once in their life, (especially in college) stumbling along the perfect man but there is just one obstacle, his girlfriend. “My man is my man is your man, her, this her man too” SZA said it no better in her hit song “The Weekend” and had every female in the club chanting it. If this isn’t the rebirth of R&B, then i’m not quite sure what is.



There Will Never Be Another Nardwuar

//Peter Henderson



Most music fans are aware of Nardwuar the Human Serviette, but if not, here's a quick rundown. Nardwuar, born John Ruskin, is an interviewer from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada (which he so gleefully repeats in full as often as possible). Since his first interview with the band Poisoned, he has crafted an incredibly distinct style filled with weirdly specific knowledge about the interviewees' personal life, wacky outfits, an incredibly dorky voice, and gifts, mostly records, but also pictures, action figures, and DVDs, among others.

But to be completely honest, the only way you could even come close to understanding Nardwuar is by watching one of his interviews.

Over time, Nardwuar's influence on modern interviewing has become more evident. In the series "Hot Ones," YouTube chef and food connoisseur Sean Evans interviews celebrities over increasingly piquant wings. Over the usual 20 minute episodes, Evans is forced to ask more detailed questions than the usual line of questioning seen on MTV or talk shows, and even goes as far as to question his guest on old Instagram posts.

The inclusion of the wings and images can be related to Nardwuar's generous gift giving. Both interviewers use these unusual props, so the interview can have a physical foundation that extends beyond mere questions. Even interviewers like Ellen Degeneres and Conan O'Brien often bring up pieces of a guest's past (though much more obviously staged), to elicit a stronger reaction than typical questioning.

Despite the influence Nardwuar has on modern interviewers, no one will ever be able to follow him up or match him at his game. The Canadian is a true performance artist in the world of interviewing. Everything about him, from the aggressive "Who are you?" at the start of each video, to the fill in the blank statements he throws at the guest, is part of his attempt to create a spectacle. His demeanor, dress, and questions are a way to turn the interviewee into a show of their own. He dresses in hideous clothes and sticks the mic way too close because he knows the reaction that will create.

The interviews are about more than just getting answers. He does such intense research that he KNOWS all the answers, but getting Travis Scott to scream when you hand him a childhood photo of him and his siblings decked out in Ed Hardy clothing, or having Tyler, the Creator ask him if he's with the Feds when you bring up his mother's Canadian heritage, is all part of the show he's creating around him. As he said in his TEDxVancouver Talk, "The interviewer's job is to make the interviewee exciting." Nardwuar screams excitement, but he uses his demeanor to deflect that excitement onto the guest. In the words of Snoop Doggy Dogg (as Nardwuar always addresses him), "You've got a lot of personality, and it brings the best out of me and you at the same time."

POTPOURRI





Head down, fists balled in my pockets, eyes trained on the ground, I walk past Scarlet Fever to the corner of Easton and Somerset. Stopping in front of Corner Tavern, I look diagonally across the intersection. My hand goes up automatically to wave at you standing in front of your apartment.

It's easy to pick you out of the crowd of people waiting to cross the street: six-foot-tall, lanky limbs that stretch for miles, jeans cuffed to expose the crisp white socks hidden beneath them. We perform this ritual about once a week. Returning from my seminar, I always catch you at the exact moment you leave your apartment, crossing my path on the opposite side of the road. Nine times out of ten, you're running late because you forgot something in your apartment that you remember as soon as you get downstairs.

Crossing at the same time, I wave at you and you frantically wave back. Five minutes later, you snapchat me from the bus with a timestamp and one of the following captions:

1. late will i make it to class on time? stay tuned

2. HOW IS IT IMA BE FORGETTING SHIT EVERY FUCKING TIME I LEAVE THE HOUSE

Head down, fists balled in my pockets, eyes trained on the ground, I walk past Scarlet Fever to the corner of Easton and Somerset. Stopping in front of Corner Tavern, I look diagonally across the intersection. My hand goes up automatically to wave at you standing in front of your apartment. Today, you aren't there.

My hand falls quickly and blood rushes to stain my cheeks. My heart drops with the revelation that your friendship no longer resides across the street from me, but 10,363 miles across the world. New Brunswick feels emptier, filled only by the heavy gusts of winter wind.

6 REASONS WHY STUDYING ABROAD IS EVEN COOLER THAN YOU THINK

//Laura Ferre Sanjuán

Improving your resume, mastering your foreign language skills, meeting friends... When we think of going abroad, these are the first phrases that come to our minds; however, being an exchange student is way more than that, and, as one myself, I am sharing with you the ultimate list of reasons why being an exchange student is the best thing you can do.

1. "Why not?!" becomes your favorite answer: Before being abroad, you would have ideas and a way of life that had been with you for a while, but once you land into the new country you'll get to know tons of different people, the wonderful backgrounds behind them and many crazy plans. Why not say yes or no to anything? During your year abroad, you'll become a why not person, willing to try everything exotic.

2. Travel, travel, travel: Studying abroad is one of the greatest opportunities one can have to travel the world and to immerse oneself in "real" culture. From local convenience stores, to the culinary experience, or being fan of the national TV, when immersed in the new culture you'll start seeing the world through the local lenses.

3. Friends (or second family): Arriving to a new country may be a bit scary at the beginning: new faces, a different language, weird habits...but let's face it! Once you go out to a few events, you'll have met a bunch of people willing to become your family outside from home.

From giving you a ride to the supermarket, to helping you figure out where to find that delicious food you miss from home, they will quickly turn into the first people you tag in meme posts.

From giving you a ride to the supermarket, to helping you figure out where to find that delicious food you miss from home, they will quickly turn into the first people you tag in meme posts.

4. Time management: Let's be honest; as exchange students, our only routine is studying, going to class, working and socializing! Joining clubs is one of the greatest ideas to meet new people and be involved in cool stuff. Who doesn't want to walk down the street in a foreign country and be stopped a few times to cheer on friends?

5. Self discovery and networking: While abroad, you will probably have the chance to study brand new courses, and surely you will meet professors, colleagues or successful professionals. Keep your LinkedIn profile updated, and make the most out of the experience. Who knows if you may one day want to go back or work in a company that has something to do with your second home country?

6. Finally, the memories: And I am not just talking about the nice snaps and Insta-stories. While on exchange, you'll have a lot of new experiences every single day. Whether it is in the form of a picture, of a post in your social networks, or in your brain and heart, what you will be living will be part of you forever.

Are you convinced now?
An experience of a lifetime
may be waiting for you!



Poetry // Erin Byers

ORANGES

Picking me from the tallest tree
He peeled me open
then sliced me with the sharpest knife.
He bit the center then devoured me
from the core to the outer.
I always wondered if he noticed me or
just needed something sweet for the
time being.

A DAY IN THE WOODS

He said my eyes were captivating
The way I would take one soft glance at him
and tiny pieces of his soul would shift in awe
his favorite part,
the way my smile stole his train of thought
and
his worst fear
losing the one reason he saw light in a dark
room.
I still remember the day we sat in the woods
and nervously kissed.
I still remember the way our lips touched
and you pulled me back for one more peck
which for some reason I seem to never forget.

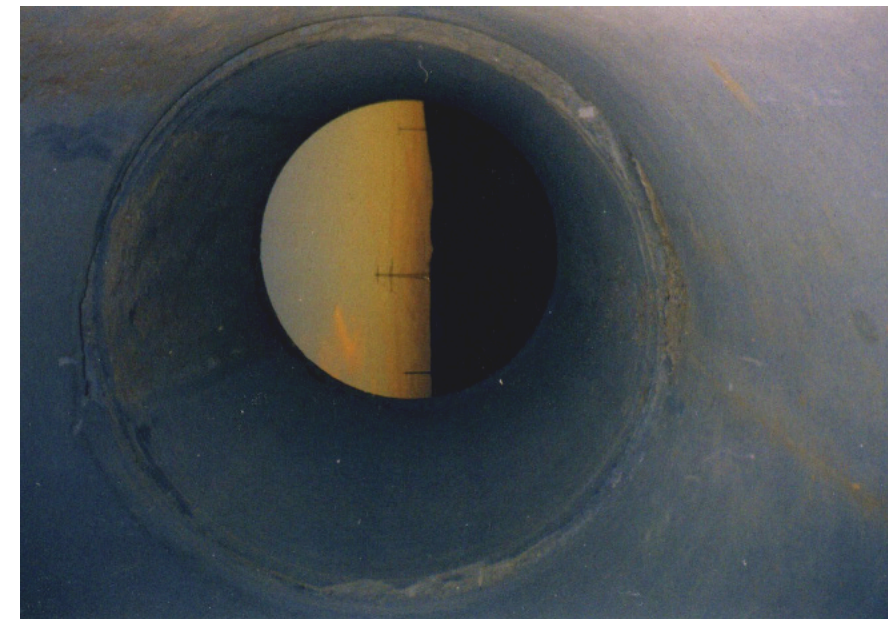
View From Dimona, the Event Horizon

//Peter Shamah

“In the window of time where
the breeze always kisses and
sun never sets, The weight and
the lightness of life roll like
hilltops, sweet as oil, mixed
wine,”



Photos: Peter Shamah



“And it’s home where I hide in
my horizon, from the blood of
bombs, safe in concrete, sweet
as salt and ghosts.”

Both photographs were taken in the town of Dimona, Israel, just a mile away from the nuclear facility of the Israeli military, a focal point of tensions in drastic contrast with the lazy, peaceful village which sits parallel. The first is a landscape photo taken during the day, the second, taken from the inside of a concrete tube used as an active bomb shelter. Both on film, 2016-18.



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MEETINGS

Mondays 9:10PM

Scott Hall Room 116

SUBMISSIONS, QUESTIONS, COMMENTS, QUERIES

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